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SWAMI PARAMANANDA

Portrait by Kenneth Clark Pillsbury. Winter Exhibit, Boston Art Club, 1927.

My Creed

POEMS

BY
SWAMI PARAMANANDA

AUTHOR OF "SOUL'S SECRET DOOR," "THE VIGIL," "RHYTHM OF LIFE," "DAILY THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS," "SELF-MASTERY," "CHRIST AND ORIENTAL IDEALS," "PATH OF DEVOTION," "EMERSON AND VEDANTA," "PLATO AND VEDIC IDEALISM," ETC.



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SWAMI PARAMANANDA

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DEDICATED TO ALL
WHO LOVE HIGH IDEALS
AND
BREADTH OF VISION

FOREWORD

The poems in this new volume by my dear friend, the Swami Paramananda, will, I am sure bring to many other readers the same stimulus and inspiration which they have given me.

The breadth of view and the depth of spiritual perception in "My Creed" characterize all these offerings of a richly idealistic and singularly ardent poetic gift:

Now I bow before Thee, neither to the
 east nor to the west,
Neither to the north nor to the south;
But to all quarters I make my obeisance;
For I see Thee in all . . .
And knowing how my finite life is con-
 tained in Thine infinite majesty,
My soul is at peace.

To be capable of ecstasy seems ever more clearly to be the indispensable endowment of the true poet. I find this capacity in

My Creed

this singer. He adores with rapture the manifestation of Divine Love in human faces and in the "sapphire sky," in birds and flowers, sunrises, and moon-wakes on sea and placid rivers. For the sake of the Great Revealer he loves "those that dance with joy" and "those that are crushed by sorrow." He knows himself encircled by the very sweetness and glory of eternal Love; how can he then but feel and sing such ecstasy? And we who hear are kindled by the healing fire of his inspiration.

The spiritual daring of the piece "Be Thou Mad for Me," calling for greater intensity and what the blind of heart will even term "insanity," in the outgoing passion for God, is notable in poetic venture.

The conquering power of gentleness and tenderness over all hardness is exquisitely

My Creed

set forth in "Friend, Make Not Your Heart Like Stone." And in "Lowly Jesus" there breathes a tribute and comprehension which surely the Son of Mary accepts with joyful heart. Would that the whole Church which bears His Name might feel and live in radiance the beauty of vision and adoration that ennoble this wonderful psalm of love!

I have read these poems with responding heart, and gratitude for the shining treasure they have brought me, and I am sure they will prove a spiritual "Open Sesame" to many others also, admitting to a wealth of inspiration and delight. I consider it a high privilege to pen a Foreword to such precious contributions to our enrichment and gladness of spirit.

ELIOT WHITE.

New York City.

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My Creed

MY CREED



BIDING Presence, Spirit of the
universe, Breath of our life,
In temples and chapels did I
seek to worship Thee.

On pilgrimage I sought Thee;
In seclusion I craved to find Thee by quiet
meditation.

Many long roads have I followed with
eager spirit;

In many turns I thought I almost touched
Thee.

Now I find Thee here—here in this nearest
space that is not space.

I see Thee everywhere.

Thus the holy truth of Scriptures, known
to all seers,

I see with my naked eye:

That Thou art ever present, pervading
and permeating all.

[continued]

My Creed

Now I bow before Thee neither to the east
nor to the west,
Neither to the north nor to the south;
But to all quarters I make my obeisance,
For I see Thee in all.

Is my worship in my sacred shrine ended?
My intimate communion before the chosen
altar, will it be no more?
Nay, I find Thee there still;
Yet art Thou manifest in all without.
Thus I worship Thee in forms of infinite
vastness.

In Thy unfathomed glory the atom of my
life is magnified;
In this unfolded vision my soul is
expanded;
And knowing how my finite life is con-
tained in Thine infinite Majesty,
My soul is at peace.

THOU WHO GIVEST THY
BOUNTY



THOU who givest Thy
bounty

With ceaseless love

And tender blessing,

Alas, how oft we come to Thee,
Our hands and hearts already filled
With fear, doubt, and all this world's
endless possessions.

Thou who givest Thy bounty,

We pray that Thou dost give us power
of sanctity

To receive Thy blessing.


We pray that Thou dost open our sight of
understanding;

And place us in Thy kingdom of safety

Where conflict of doubting life hath no
entry.

We pray unto Thee for this—and this
alone.

ABOVE RANK AND FILE

HOU dost lift me up
So far above this rank and file
My feet do not touch
Nor hand hold aught
That hinders my soul's flight.
To this sphere I rise
When Thy love fills my heart;
When Thy love fills my soul
I am light, and in light I float.

THINK ON ME



HINK on Me

When thou hast reached
glory's heights.

Think on Me

When thou hast fallen to misery's utter-
most depths.

Think on Me

When thou hast spoke or done aught to
wound thy brother.

Think on Me, O think on Me

When thou art drowned in despair.

I will purge thy heart of grief;

I will heal thy wounded soul

And plant a new seed of life to redeem thy
dead hope.

Why dost thou wander away from Me?

Why dost thou shut thy door and brood
in darkness?

O come to Me with guileless heart.

I will not fail thee;

I will grant thee peace.

My Creed

I SHALL CALL ON THEE EVER

WHEN thrown I will lie at Thy
feet prostrate;
When lifted I will cling to Thy
hand of might;
When in dark I shall pray for Thy light;
When in light I shall pray for its staying.
In honor I shall be humble,
In censure I shall be of gentle heart,
And in safety or danger
I shall call on Thee ever.

SPIRIT OF LOVE



SPIRIT of Love, open Thy gate!

I wait here on Thy threshold,
gasping for life.

O Spirit of Love, breathe into my soul
Thy breath of love,
else I live no more.

Verily Thou art life—all joy—all peace!

Spirit of Love, fill me anew;

Be Thou, Thyself, my all.

Rule Thou my body, mind and heart.

Let Thy voice speak,

Let Thy breath breathe

And Thy pulse pulsate my whole being.

Let Thy music resound and fill my soul.

O Spirit of Love, open—open Thy gate.

I am waiting on Thy threshold!

My Creed

SOAR MY SOUL



SOAR, my soul, to high sphere


Where air is pure and free.

Soar, my soul, where sight and
sound are still.

Soar, my soul, soar, soar

And breathe the breath of life.

THE LIGHT WILL SHINE


HE LIGHT will shine, yea, the
light will shine
Amid all ungenial sight and
sound;

Over all dark and dreary place,
The light will shine, yea, the light will
shine.

The moon dances in the rose garden
And casts its gleam on a rubbish pile;
Yet it ever remains the same moon,
Lovely and divine.

The fire burns the dross,
The fire burns the gold;
Yet fire ever remains bright and shining.
Like unto the light of the soul
It will shine,
Ever and ever it will shine.


TALISMAN

O THOU carry Me as a talis-
man
Ever hid deep in thy heart.
Keep me there well hid,
And keep Me ever in thy thought.
If thou dost not have Me in thy thought,
Thou canst not carry Me in thy heart.
Think of Me at all times,
Keep watch, keep watch.
They can never keep Me
Whose mind and mouth are not one.

KINGFISHER MY SOUL

THE pearl of great price is hid.
Dive deep, dive deep,
Kingfisher, my soul,
Dive deep, and seek.
Perchance thou findest nothing first;
Kingfisher, my soul,
Persist, persist;
Dive deep, dive deep and seek.
They who know not the secret will laugh
And will make thee sad;
But lose not thy courage,
Kingfisher, my soul.
The pearl is there, hid.
Faith will find the treasure,
And what is hid will reveal.
Dive deep, dive deep,
Kingfisher, my soul,
And seek and seek.

DO THOU COME UNTO ME

IVING up all other thoughts,
Seeking no other aid,
Do thou come to Me.
Unto Me do thou come,

I shall save thee—

From all sin shall I save.

Do thou take thy shelter here.

Have no other thought or care;

Only do thou think on Me.

Be rid of all fear, all fear.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE



WRONG turn of the wheel
of life
Doth bring us even to a point
of dangerous fall;
And yet but a slight turn of the selfsame
wheel to the right, rights our wrong.
Let us right our wrong to the end;
To the end let us right all wrong.

My Creed

I AM AN IMMORTAL SOUL



AM an immortal soul.

Ne'er was I bound to flesh,

Nor will I be bound now.

I am an immortal soul, ever

free,

One with First Cause, Great Immensity.

To this Truth will I anchor my thought.

Let storm of doubt and disease blow,

Ever will I stay fast;

To Truth will I cling.

I am an immortal soul;

Imperfection have I none.

Wisdom, unwisdom, virtue, and sin,


These have I none.

None, none of these have I.

Immortal soul am I,

Ever free, ne'er bound.

ALL WILL I FORSAKE

LL will I forsake to have Thee as mine.

All will I forget with thoughts of Thee alone.

All will I leave behind
To hear Thy music day and night.
And if perchance I sleep,
I shall dream of Thee in my dreaming.
When Thou art with me I feel lack of
nothing.

Love, joy, wisdom and strength,
Faith and prayer—surge in my soul;
All will I forsake to have Thee as mine.

HARBOR OF SAFETY

NEVER was I happy with rea-
soning;
Never was I myself with
thoughts of conjecture.

Only in simple faith did I find
A stillness,
A marvelous depth
Where soul being drowned,
Itself became its mistress.
Freedom, joy, and detachment,
Detached of all terrestrial chain
And yet bound with unbreakable union,
Like a ship anchored in the harbor of
eternal safety.

My Creed

ALOHA



ALOHA! I love you.
Aloha! I greet you,
I greet you with love—
A fair greeting with music of
thought
Touched tenderly on one universal chord,
On music of thought!
Drown all discord from hearts of men.
Let man's rhythmic being sing
Aloha! Anandam!
Song of love and song of joy.

BE THOU MAD FOR ME

BE THOU mad with thought of
Me,
Be thou mad with love of Me,
Be thou mad with joy,
Be thou mad with yearning.
In this mad world be thou ever mad for
Me.

Some are mad for pleasure,
Some are mad with pain;
Some are mad for name and glory,
Some are mad through fame;
Some are mad for gain and grandeur,
Some are mad in vain.
Some are mad for woman's love,
Some are mad for wealth;
Some are mad with selfish thoughts,
Some are mad from wits deranged.
In such a world of mad chaos
Be thou mad for Me.


THY ABUNDANT GIFT

WHEN Thou gavest me life
Thou gavest abundantly;
But alas, I made myself poor
With thoughts of lack.

When Thou gavest me dwelling
It was full of light;
But alas! I have brought darkness and
fear.


That light once so abundant
Now hath become dim and rare.
Giver, Lover, most indulgent Mother,
Tear from me, O tear from me that
which hides Thy light!

ALL IS WELL WITH ME

 THOU hast given me the word
And I have spoken.
Thou hast given me the voice
And I have sung.

Good or ill, fair or foul,
These have I banished,
Knowing what Thou doest is ever well.
All is ever well with me
When Thou dost dwell in me as my all.

ON WINGS OF INSPIRATION

N WINGS of inspiration when
I float,
I see the fairies winding their
golden thread

To weave magic carpets,
And shining devas floating in ether
To watch over those who seek their aid.
All this dense and dreary world
Aflame with light and life!
I hear music and laughter
And I see a light that soothes my sight.
When on wings of inspiration
All is changed to beauty and brightness,
And all is made divine.
Death and despair, hard, sad,
And all sordid facts of life
Are made divine, divine.

My Creed

I COME TO THIS RIVER BANK



COME to this river bank day
after day

To wash this vestment of my
heart.

If fortune ever helps me to make it spotless
white

I will dip it in the dye of His love.

FRIEND, MAKE NOT YOUR HEART
LIKE STONE

FRRIEND, make not your heart
like stone, hard and unfeeling.
Stone endureth not time nor
stroke.

Hard stone doth break and crumble,
But behold the blade of grass!
When thou dost trample o'er it,
It lies in utter humility,
 Yea, and is left unharmed.
In His sweet garden the stones are cast
 aside,
And the lowly grass adorns the lawn.

MAN LOVES AND MAN HATES

MAN loves and man hates,
But He, the All-loving, ever
loves and never hates.
Man laughs and man weeps;
Man smiles and man frowns;
Man sorrows and man sighs;
Man schemes and seeks revenge
And ever carries an anxious heart,
But He, the All-loving, ever smiles
His unchanging benediction upon all.

MAN OF GOD



MAN of God, move forward
on thy path.

Let not thy heart be distressed,
nor lose thy courage.

Walk alone, walk on, and weep if thy
heart is heavy;

But let not thy spirit sink in grief, nor
give up thy march.

O man of God, thou art a stranger here
amidst this world's crowd,

Yet thy lonely tread sheds light upon this
dark and desolate world.

O thou brave, bleeding heart,

Giver of sweet peace to world-weary
souls.

THE CLOCK OF LIFE

MOMENTS of sorrow
And moments of joy,
Moments of sunshine
And moments of cloud,
All are but drops
In the Infinite bosom of Eternity.
Time is but a witness
When the hand of destiny
Winds the clock of life.

MY ETERNAL TREASURE

NOW shall I give thee My eternal
treasure,
For thou hast forsaken the
wealth of this world.

I held this for thee always in Mine own
safe-keeping

And waited for the ripening of thy soul.

Take thou now what is thine own and
rejoice at thy blessing.

Let thy soul sing and make other souls
sing.

Blessed songster, fill the air with thy song.

It will quicken faith in desolate hearts;

It will awaken strength in weak bodies

And it will infuse new life into all
despondent souls.

Sing, O songster, sing thou thy song!

BURN THOU STEADILY ON

BURN, burn, burn Thou steadily
on;
Consume all, conflagrate all
with Thy flame of love!

Burn in my heart,
Burn in my soul,
Burn in my body,
Burn in my mind.
Burn, burn, burn Thou steadily on!


Sin will cease,
Dark will pass,
Doubt will die,
Gloom will fade
Before Thy radiant glow.
Burn, burn, burn Thou steadily on!

My Creed


Flame of Love,
Flame of Life,
O Thou eternal, undying Flame!
Day and night, sleep and wake,
Burn Thou steadily on!

Burn Thou in,
Burn Thou out,
Burn Thou ever on;
Burn in my heart,
Burn in my soul,
Burn Thou steadily on!

BLESSING SIN AND MISERY

F SIN teach thee humility
And bring thee nearer to God,
Oh, bless it!
If misery purify thy heart,
Oh bless it
And welcome it!
If all thy friends abandon thee
And thou art left alone, helpless,
Be glad!
He will come then,
For He loves those who are alone.

DIVINE ORACLE, SING

IVINE oracle, sing again and
sing freely with thy voice
of inspiration.

Sing for Him Who hath given
thee thy voice and tongue.

Sing for Him—Him alone.

Pay heed to naught that distracts thy soul.

Sing for Him,

For Him do thou sing.

FEVER OF SELFISHNESS



H, THIS burning fever of self-
ishness—

Consuming thirst of self-love,
ambition, and greed,

Envy, pride, and self-pity!

How these evils haunt our life through
disease of self.

“Dost thou call this illusion, a passing
dream;

All my pain unreal,

My sorrows unfounded?”

Aye, weary soul, verily all this is unreal—

A passing dream sprung of dark night of
despair.


Drink thou this nectar of love

Thy fever will cease,

Thine anguish pass,

And thou shalt gain pure sight.

TUNE WITH LOVE

E IMMORTAL souls, chained
to earth with thousand
fettters,
Do not carry venom in your
hearts.

Resist not evil,
But the same do ye overcome by love.
Age-long riddles of life are never solved
Save when our hearts are tuned with love.
With love tune your heart, hand, body,
and mind.

LOWLY JESUS



JESUS, most tender,
I would not call Thee such,
Thou majestic Being;
But once Thou didst reveal to
me a strange mystery:
I saw Thee, not in Thy dazzling glory,
But as a lowly Being intent on a holy
mission.
Thou didst not stop to receive pompous
worship and loud prayers of men,
But I saw Thee stoop and lift from the
dust a stricken, discarded life,
To revive and redeem.
O Thou Holy Compassion,
Love embodied,
I know Thee now,
I love Thee now;
My heart is full of adoration.
I knew Thee not in Thy dazzling glory.

A MAN AMONG MEN



ONCE I saw Thee walking among
men—a man,
Yet wert Thou apart.
Not in Thy dazzling splendor,
But through Thy humble being and mark
of heaven's compassion,
Thus did I find Thee and reach Thee.
If Thou wert a king, I could not have
reached Thee;
If Thou wert in great splendor, I could
not have gazed upon Thee;
If Thou wert in Thy holy might,
I could not have dared approach Thee.
O Thou heavenly Being,
Thou hast cleansed, sanctified and re-
deemed this abandoned spark of life.

TENDER COMPASSION

HOLY, Holy, Holy,
Thou divine Compassion!
Unearthly on earth,
Thou tender Compassion!
We love Thee, we worship Thee,
we adore Thee,
Thou tender Compassion.
Thou hast healed us,
Thou hast redeemed us,
O Thou most holy, tender Compassion!
We kneel before Thee,
We bend before Thee;
Do Thou enfold us with Thy tender
Compassion.
O Holy, Holy, Holy!

Amen.

GRIEVE NOT, FEAR NOT

TURN thy face to Me; grieve
not.

Why dost thou fear, my child?
Fear not, but look to Me;

I will give thee comfort.

I will dry thy tears with My hand of love
And put on thy countenance a radiant
smile.

I am the Spirit of joy;

Where I am there is no sadness.

I am the perpetual Springtime;

I am the tenderness of love;

I am the essence of life, residing in all
living things.

I am in thee now and evermore.

When wilt thou know this and be free
of fear and doubt?

KEEP ME NOT WAITING AT
THY DOOR



OH, KEEP me not waiting at
Thy door!

I am weary, yea, I am worn
with longing.

Thou knowest my yearning soul,
Why dost Thou keep me waiting?

If it be Thy pleasure to make me weep,
Then shall I weep tears of joy;

If it be Thy pleasure to burn me in
anguish,

Then let my heart be a burning fire of
anguish.

Oh, Beloved, it is for Thee I am mad,
It is for Thee I am silent,
It is for Thee I am eloquent,
It is for Thee I am sad.

My Creed

My exuberance leaps like a flame in joy
When I am with Thee.

My love, my life, my soul's passion,
My heart's throb, and all my unknown
depths,


Yea, all, all are contained in Thee.

For Thee I live,

With Thee I walk,

In Thee I delight.

THY GIFT I CARRY


HOU hast blessed;
Yea, I feel blessed.
Thou hast given;
I have taken in wonder.

In mute silence
Thy gift I carry
Where'er I go.
Land or sea,
Far or near,
In crowd or in seclusion,
I carry, I carry—
I carry only what Thou hast given.
I have not spoken aught
Nor can I speak,
But Thou hast made my tongue to sing
My soul's hiddenmost yearning;
Thus I sing, I sing.

My Creed

Will I forget Thee if perchance
Others look to me for light?
All light is Thine;
This Thou hast shown me oft.
Thou and world, I and mine,
All these thoughts arise;
But when I am alone with Thee
And no thought hinders my soaring soul
I find all, and
All I find in Thee.

UNFAILING LAMP

RANQUIL, transcendent, un-
failing lamp!
Like a star of the far-distant
realm


Dost Thou shine with gentle glow at the
sanctuary door,

Revealing hidden path and awakening
ever-fresh hope in the heart of weary
souls.

If perchance my eyes are dimmed or
distracted by the world's glamour


Yet do Thou ever show me His compassion
At whose door Thou dost shine.

TAKE ALL

AKE all, take all,
Only give me Thy peace."
Thus did I cry in my sleep,
And great peace did I feel
enfolding me.

But on waking did I find in my hand
The things I renounced in my dream!
Oh, let me dream again.
Again let me renounce all
That hinders my soul's freedom.

SOUL'S HEALING LIGHT

H! RADIANT Sun,
MY soul's healing Light,
Shine upon my life day and
night!

Day and night do Thou shed upon my
life Thy healing radiance.

My prayer is weak and faltering,
But Thou all-seeing Sun knowest my
inmost need.


A SECRET



SECRET have I learned today,
And this will I unfold to thee
in deep silence
And only in a whisper:

It is not our merit that earns us His grace;
Nay, nor is it our strength that gives
power to hold His Hand;
He helps us in our helplessness.
The saints call Him all-loving,
But I find Him all love.


SHINE IN MY SOUL

HINE in my soul,
O Thou all-effulgent Light!
Do not let me grope in this
hideous darkness.

Reveal Thy purpose
And bestow upon me Thy doubt-destroy-
ing Light.

Shine Thou upon my soul!
In this, my hour of need, I cry unto Thee.

GIVE ME THY HAND

N EVERY step I invoke Thy
grace,
With every breath I crave Thy
blessing,

At every glance I yearn for Thy face.

Life is lonely without Thee.

Heart is vacant when Thou art not in it,
And my body throws its weight upon me
as if in death.


Oh, let me not grope, but give me Thy
hand.

Thy hand is my guide, my sole sustenance;

Thy benign face is my light;

The blessing of Thy smile is my consum-
mation.

THY FOOTSTEPS

HE sound of Thy footsteps
awoke me.

This did I dream once in dead
of night:

In dream I saw Thee and felt Thy living
touch;

In dream didst Thou speak to my ear in
silent whisper;

In dream did I follow Thee, enchanted,
leaving my body in sleep;

In dream did I see many wondrous sights
as I roamed with Thee.

Now my sleep is ended and my dream is
gone;

But my heart is quickened by Thy foot-
steps,

My body made alive by Thy touch,

My eyes purified by Thy sight,

And my ears are ever filled with Thy
voice.

My Creed

Now I can dream no more, for one dream
Has filled my life full, oh, so full!
I stay awake now both day and night.

AS I LOVE THEE



H, WHEN will that day come
When I shall see Thee in all?
And all will I love
As I love Thee.

WAKE THOU NOW

WAKE thou, slumbering soul!
Dost thou not know the loved
one is waiting at thy door?
Not a moment, nay, not a
moment,
But an hour is gone.
How wilt thou redeem thy lost op-
portunity?
Wake thou now and seek Him.

I AM DREAMING



AM dreaming, dreaming all
day and night;
Dreaming of life in ceaseless
harmony,
Dreaming of sparkling eternity
Like a fountain of undying life-stream.
Oh, this dream of mad exuberance,
Unchecked impetus to attain the pinnacle
of unspoiled beauty
Where souls of men delight in others'
happiness,
Where hearts of men sing to awaken other
hearts from slumber!
Oh, this dream of my heart—
Be it true or be it false,
I shall dream again and again and forever-
more.

My Creed

STAY OR GO AT THY WILL


NOT man's urging
Nor fancy's wings
Shall guide my course.
Never shall I walk in safety
Nor find a shelter out of world's concourse
Save when Thou dost dwell in me,
Yea, in my heart of hearts,
And my thoughts fasten to Thee ever.
Stay or go at Thy will;
At Thy will, will I go or stay,
Speak or laugh or weep
Or perchance in deep silence muse on
Thy eternal mystery.

THE EVER PURE SOUL

THE ever pure soul,
The Shining Spirit, art thou
Who art aware of thy true life.
These garments that we wear
Perchance are stained or torn.
We can mend the tear
And the stain can be cleansed,
If we but think and remember That which
can never change.

My Creed

THY GRACE

HY grace is my strength.
In waking and sleeping,
In talking and walking,
Make me possess Thy grace.


Thy grace is my safety.
When alone or in crowd,
When abroad or at home,
Oh, let me not walk or sleep
Without Thy grace of safety.

Thy grace is my glory,
Yea, Thy grace is my abiding peace.
When I possess Thy grace my heart sings
 with joy,
My body vibrates life
And my soul is exalted.

My Creed

O mind, in world's confusion
forget not this truth;
My poor, distracted mind,
cling to the holy grace
With all Thy strength.

THE VEIL

 MIDST the world's confusion
Who will give me true sight,
If Thou, Giver of life,
Dost not lift the veil from
mine eyes?

THOU MY COMRADE



IT IS easier far to dare
When Thou, my great Friend,
art near

To shield me from danger
Or to distract my mind from self-reproach.
It is easier far to look upon life with cheer
When Thou art with me as my comrade.
Wealth of life is too heavy with weight,
Yea, too, too heavy with weight,
When Thou art not there to guide my
steps.

I am frail, yea, I am weak;
When forgetting Thee I lean on my
strength.


Will a day come when Thou and I shall
become unsevered and one?

Will a day come when conflict of life will
cease


And only Thy countenance shall I behold
in all?

My Creed

HAND OF LOVE WILL WORSHIP

AND of love will worship,
Heart of love will pray,
Mind of love will soar to the
heights
And eye of love will gaze.
Then hand, heart, mind and eye
All will work as one for One.

GIVER OF PURE SIGHT

OLY Light, revealing Light,
Giver of pure sight,
Thou hast removed all my dark
confusion;

Thou hast made my heart like unto a
cloudless sky.

Glory unto Thee, Thou all-glorious Light.
Do Thou abide with me at all hours of day
and night.

Without Thee my soul hath no life;
Without Thee my heart hath no love
And my mind wanders in endless con-
fusion.

O Thou redeeming, revealing Light,
Do Thou stay with me, I pray unto Thee.

My Creed

I WILL DARE NOW




WILL dare now to suffer
If Thou givest me assurance
That I shall ever find Thee
closer.

Suffering hath no sting for me,
Darkness hath no gloom,
Aloneness is not lonely
When Thou art near.

WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS

WHEN fortune frowns, he loves
me
Who loves me well.
When fortune hath smiled,
Many have smiled to see me smile;
But when fortune hath frowned,
Only he hath smiled to make me smile
Who loves me well.


THE GREAT GAME OF LIFE

N this great game of life
There is loss and there is gain.
If thou canst not stand the loss,
Then do not ask for gain.

Loss and gain, gain and loss,
Are ever in all games;
But in this great game of life
Look alike on both loss and gain.
This wise counsel of ages long
Will never fail, will never fail.

My Creed

KINDLE IN MY SOUL


INDLE in my soul a fire
Whose consuming flame will
burn all;
Only Spirit will remain shining
alone
Amidst ashes of dross.
Mortal garb will no more hide
Nor hinder its pristine light from shining.

TRAPS OF DELUSION



AM ill or I am well;
I am sad or I am happy;
I am rich or I am poor;
I am great or I am small;
I am mighty or I am weak;
I am this or I am that.
These traps of delusion,
Vanities, subtle snares,
Will I shatter forever.
With Thy strength
Will I break these fetters
That bind my ever-free soul.
If Thou dost grant me strength,
Thy strength I want, not mine.
Nay, never my strength I want
But only Thine—only Thine.

LONE WANDERER

 ONE wanderer, rest thy feet;
There is no need of haste.
Refresh thy tired spirit
In the cool shade of surrender.
Do not strain nor run in feverish haste;
He is not far.
Miss Him not through haste
Nor blur thine eyes through strain.

WORK WITHOUT FEAR


WORK without fear, work without greed,
What recompense wilt thou have?

What reward will suffice thee
Save to win His pleasure through thy service?

Work without fear, work without greed.
Look not to praise nor be hindered by blame,

But work without fear and work without greed.

TIRED PILGRIM

 IRED pilgrim, pause awhile;
Pause yet awhile.
Sleep will rest your body and
mind,
Thought will nourish your soul.
This dwelling is for pilgrims,
This hearth is for their warmth,
This well is to quench their thirst,
This couch is to rest their limbs.
This dwelling is built for pilgrims,
And only for those who have none—who
have none.

My Creed

MY SOUL BE THOU PATIENT

MY SOUL, be thou patient with
those who do not under-
stand,

Be thou loving with those who
are harsh,

Be thou kind to those who inflict wounds,

Be thou tender with those who are in
pain.

My soul, be thou filled with gladness,

Be thou filled with faith,

Be thou filled with light,


And be thou filled with love.

SOUL'S EFFULGENT LIGHT

WHEN soul's effulgent light shines
forth,
Troubles are no more.
Petty worries, fears and all our
endless cares

Are no more, are no more,
When soul's effulgent light shines forth.
The dark clouds of thought
That hang over our mind
Are no more—are no more.

AT THE CROSSROAD OF LIFE

ITTING at the crossroad of life
I was musing:
Shall I take this Path or the
other?

Which will lead me there,
This or the other?
Thus I sat and mused a long time,
pondering, pondering;
Then suddenly I heard a silent voice:
"Take neither, take none;
Neither of these will lead thee there.
There is another; seek thou that."

"There is another; seek thou that."
This rang in my ear till all other sounds
Were drowned and forgot.

[*continued*]

My Creed

Where shall I seek?
What was this voice?
Whence did it come?
This I asked with struggling mind
Restless with longing to find.

Again I heard the silent voice:
"Restless mind will never find where I am.
I am within, most within.
In Thine innermost being."

LET US HALT NOW



FRIEND, companion of my
journey,

Let us halt now;

The toil of struggle will cease
in surrender.

See thou yon autumn leaf?

Behold how it obeys the mighty wind:


Whirled by the fury of storm, it spins
unresisting.

Alas, it is tossed in a crevice

Where it lies now in its shelter unresisting.

My Creed

LOVE, THOU ART MY GOD

OVE! Thou art my God,
My Goddess,
My Master and my Mistress,
My Consort,

My Playmate,
My Comrade and Companion—
All these and more art Thou.
Sweet ecstasy of life
I find in Thee.
With Thee I am;
Without Thee I am nothing.
Now Thou hast come to me
I feel secure,
All cares are gone,
My faith and courage
Have blossomed like twin flowers,
My heart is like a green garden
Fragrant after a shower of dewdrops at
dawn.

My Creed

Love! stay with me, stay on;
Without Thee life is a desolation.
Yet will I not hold Thee
Nor urge Thy staying.
Thou art delicate, most tender;
I will not press,
But only will I invoke, worship, and pray
at Thy shrine.

My Creed

NONE CAN SING WHOSE VOICE
IS NOT UNLOCKED

NONE can sing, yea really sing,
Whose voice is not unlocked.
Only when the goddess of in-
spiration

Touches the throat with her hand of grace
Can mortal sing.

Not till then, nay, not till then,
Can one sing—really sing.

ALWAYS WE LEARN

WE LEARN, we learn, we learn.
Through shame and fame we
learn;
Through pain and joy we learn;
Through praise and blame we learn;
Through heat and cold we learn;
Through loss and gain we learn.
We learn, we learn, we learn,
Always we learn.

FLAME OF FAITH

FLAME of Faith, burn Thou in
my heart day and night
without ceasing.

In Thy glow I shall read this
book of life,

And walk my path of destiny without fear.

Flame of Faith, burn Thou without ceasing

I have no other guide to show my course.

Flame of Faith, let Thy radiant glow

Help me to find those who are in the dark

And bring them to Thy light.

Thou dost put courage in my heart

And quicken my body with new life

And mind with undying vigor.

Thou blessed Flame,

Burn Thou without ceasing in my heart

And let me walk on the path of life

Without fear, doubt, or thought of self.

WHERE THY FEET HAVE
TOUCHED

WHERE Thy feet have touched
Will I plant flower seeds to
mark with fragrance.

Where Thy laughter hath
sounded

Will I make tree-towers for song birds.

This body will I keep clean and untouched
For Thy touch.

Beloved, Love, Lover,

Union, communion, ecstatic reveries:

All these will I keep
sealed in my soul

For speechless musing.

HOLY ETERNITY, BOUNDLESS
GLORY

HOLY Eternity, boundless Glory!
I crave to invoke Thee,
But my tongue hath no utter-
ance.

I long to follow Thee,
But my feet are fastened to the ground.
Wilt Thou not remove my fetter of self
That I may follow Thee always without
hindrance?

My Nature's Sanctuary

MY NATURE'S SANCTUARY



ROAM in this, my Nature's
sanctuary

Fragrant with perfumed breath,
Shining with living radiance of
beauty,

Sacred by its own virtue,

Bestowing beneficence,

Awakening life and ecstasy,

Asking naught, yet giving all to its votar-
ies.

Where would I seek God if I find Him
not here?

My body, bend thou now and sing thy
song of holy humility.

My heart, rejoice!

Here is enshrined the Maker of all beauty.

My soul, now is the hour of thy fulfill-
ment.

BIRD OF SONG



BIRD of song, sing again thy
song of bliss!

My soul is stirred;

I feel an unknown depth that
was not mine till now.

What note hast thou struck?

What melody hast thou roused in my soul?

What new emotion hast thou awakened
in me?

O bird of song, sing again and once again,
That I may learn thy song of bliss.

Thy music hath wrought a miracle.

Behold how I lift my feet and float with
the rhythm of thy song.


Sing again and again and again,

Till my eager heart drinks the soul of thy
song.

Songbird of divine ecstasy, keep on sing-
ing thy joyous song

Till the rhythm of harmony makes us both
one.

SPIRIT OF DAWN

HE Spirit of Dawn raised the
curtain of night.
With her gentle hand, she
bathed the face of the
flowers in soft morning light.
She adorned them with beauty, breathing
sweet perfume into their souls.
Behold how the faces of the flowers
smile—expanded with life, love, and
joy.

DO THE TREES SING AND DANCE?

Child:

MOTHER, do the trees ever speak
like us?

Do they ever sing and dance?

Mother:

Yes, my child, I have seen them smiling,
dancing with the sunbeams,
And have heard them sing their supplica-
tion with murmuring leaves at dawn;
They make their obeisance by bending
their boughs to the rising sun.

Child:


Please, mother, rouse me at dawning.
I should like to sing with the trees
And dance with the sunbeams and bathe
my face in the dewdrops that shine
upon our lawn.
Please, mother, wake me before the sun-
rise;
I must learn their dance and song.

My Creed

Mother:


I will call thee; but if thine eyelids are
heavy with slumber,
Then thou must wake when thy sleep
is gone.

PASSWORD OF THE BEE


HE bee gave its password to the
flower,
And the flower readily opened
its door

To give its heart's treasure.
There is a strange alliance between the
flower and the bee.

DESERT NIGHT


 HIS star-strewn canopy o'er-
head,
Covering vast expanse of space,
Alluring our gaze to limitless
vision;
The play of light and shade,
Seen and unseen;
The strange and mysterious drama of life,
enacted in unspoken words,
Make us dumb with wonder
And our minds still with fathomless
thoughts.
Our souls cry out in mute ecstasy:
O wonder of wonders!
O beauty of creation!
O boundless life!
I, a part of Thee,
And Thou, my Origin!

MUSIC OF THE MOUNTAIN

 THOU alone hast placed us upon
this mountain pinnacle.
Thou alone canst give us sight
and hearing
That we may behold the silent rocks in
quiet contemplation
And place upon them our humble hands in
reverence.
Our purified ears may hear the music of
the mountain
That ever falls upon the deaf ear of the
unfeeling world.

My Creed

MEDITERRANEAN MOON

 THOU tender goddess of heaven,
Ever radiant with thy benign
smile,
Infusing subtle beneficence into
all nature,
Awakening amorous thoughts in the hearts
of men and beasts,
What hynotic spell dost thou cast upon
us with thy guileless smile?
Behold this majestic, somber, deep blue
water
How it doth reflect thy sweet silvery
smile.
Thou art tender, yet art thou potent;
Yea, thou dost transform all nature by
thy gentle might.
In the heart of music dost thou awaken
pathos of love,
Glow of happiness and bitterness of pain;
In the soul of poet dost thou quicken
ceaseless longing for thy Maker.

My Creed

Thou mysterious, soft, and gentle lamp of
heaven,
In thy gracious light we read this great
book of life—
Some with joyous heart and others in
saddest plight.

I PUT COLOR IN SKY



PUT color in sky through set-
ting sun to capture thy
restive gaze.
I am the light that reveals,
I am the shadow that veils the light,
I am the lustre of scarlet,
I am sombre in black,
I am soft,
I am lovely,
I am the soul of color residing as beauty.

THE DAWN · COMES



AFTER night of storm and strain
The dawn comes, the dawn
comes.

O dawn of splendor!

Dawn of glory!

Thou hast come, thou hast come!

How glad our heart,

How happy our mind,

How fresh our body,

How vibrant our life.

O dawn of splendor!

Dawn of glory!

Thou hast come, thou hast come!

I smile to think of all the worries,

All the gloom that hung,

All the fearful, roaring winds,

And all the crashing sounds.

My Creed

How ominous all things looked!
Surely, thought I, the end is near.
All are gone now Thou art come.
O dawn of glory!
Dawn of splendor!
Thou art come, Thou art come!


TALL TOWERING TREE

WILL the tall towering tree with
uplifted head
Say to the root hid in ground:
Thou art low and beneath my
gaze.

Behold how majestic I am—
I breathe exalted air,
I am adorned with mighty limbs,
Fair and luscious are my fruits;
But alas thou art low.
Let the mighty tree try to stand severed
from its roots
And the man apart from God!

My Creed

ONLY THEIR SMILE WE SEE

N SILENT adoration, these
sweet blossoms
Pour out their heart's devotion
to Thee.

In silence they sing their song of joy;
Only their smile we see.
Their song we cannot hear,
Yet the exuberance of their heart's devo-
tion we sense
In their divine fragrance.

SUNSET ON THE GANGES



SUNSET on the Ganges!

Such a color, such a beauty

I have never seen! I have
never seen!

Tinted ripples, blue and amber,

Glistening foam as beads of silver

Dancing at sunset on Ganges' bosom
serene.

Such a painting is only seen in dream;

Such a calm is only felt within—only
within.

Sunset on the Ganges!

Such a color, such a beauty

I have never seen! I have never seen!

Setting sun hath no reflector

so serene, so clean.

Flame and water mixed together

never before have I seen!

never before have I seen!


Sunset on the Ganges is a holy sight.

Never before such wonder have I seen!

Thee I Love in All

My Creed

THEE I LOVE IN ALL

HEE I love in all, and all I love
for Thee.

Youth and old, rich and poor,
The birds that sing and birds

that cry,

Faces that shine and faces in gloom:

In all I love Thee, and for Thee I love
them all.

I adore Thee in flowers, I adore Thee in
trees—and in grass that grows so
low.

I lift my head in worship to gaze upon
Thee in sapphire sky.

As I stand on the river bank and behold
Thy silver gleam on moonlit night,
My heart throbs with delight.

I sing Thy praise with the glory of dawn,
And I chant Thy supplication at the quiet
of setting sun;

[*continued*]

My Creed

I love those that dance with joy,
And I love those that are crushed by
sorrow.
For Thee I love them all, and Thee I
love in all.
Above and below and on all sides hast
Thou encircled me.
It is Thy love I give Thee
As the altar-flower gives its fragrance at
Thy feet.
Art Thou not its fragrance and its life?
Art Thou not its beauty and its soul?
Like unto that flower I lie at Thy feet
And offer Thee Thine own gift—my love
and my life.

